

WARREN
MAGAZINE



EERIE
#118

JAN. 1981

EERIE

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EERIE

NUMBER 118

JANUARY 1981

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HAGGARTH

4

Winter lay as a thin covering of snow upon the face of the land! Its virgin whiteness was violated by five raging horsemen! They were raiders from the Tumble mountainlands of the north! Their wrath as they descended into the whitened valley was horrible to behold! For they were on a mission of war! They were on a mission of revenge! They were on a mission of retribution! Few would stand in their way as they sought to recover the golden loon!



STEEL STARFIRE

23

Steel Starfire and I go back a long way! I first met him during the Mercurian Wars when we were both Laser Strafers. Half of my body was destroyed when one of the Mercurian Star Smashers exploded where I shouldn't have been! I survived, but half of my body had to be replaced with robotic parts! Steel never understood what that did to me! He is always trying to smash my robotic henchmen as we abduct the most beautiful women in the Solar System!



REDSHOT

31

In the Insignificant Antilles was situated the least pleasurable spot in the tour guide! The island republic of Santa Mala was a blight on the shining blue face of the Carribean! It was the home of Baby Jack Lemoriae, absolute dictator and President for Life (and maybe beyond)! Santa Mala was also the home of the world's most dangerous and the world's most lucrative game! It involved a ball called the Red Shot, and I was the only one who had one!



SPACE KIDS

48

Is there anything in the universe more fertile than a child's imagination? No! All the worlds that ever were, ever will be and ever could be exist in the realm of the imagination! And because they exist there, they must exist somewhere! Nothing in the universe is more beautiful than an imagination used well. Nothing is more horrible than the nightmare worlds a child can dream of. And some children are so psychically strong, their dreams are real!

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE



I couldn't bear to see another installment of "Haxtur"! It seems to be such an *insane* series, with absolutely no action to speak of. It's going to take a nuzzle-dazzle conclusion to pull this turkey out of the fire! Never in all my long years of reading comics, (I'm forty-one) have I read such a travesty. There is no action. There is no adventure. There is definitely no plot. Worst of all, the art is unacceptably sketchy. I can hardly wait to see this esoteric dud come to an end.

PIERRE LENNOU
Bale-St. Paul, Quebec

Around 1985 or 1986 I began reading Warren Publishing's *EERIE* magazine. Way back in those days *EERIE* was strictly a horror comics, running rampant with vampires, monsters and other ghastly creatures. Eventually, I stopped buying *EERIE*. It wasn't until I saw *EERIE* #115 on the newsstand that I returned to the Warren fold.

GORDON MANLY
Porta, Va.

The cover blurb said that it would be a book-length spectacular, and that is exactly what "Night of the Jackaws" was! This issue alone is sure to get the "Best Issue Award" for 1980 because it had everything that a Warren magazine should have. It featured incredible art by Jose Ortiz, terrific writing, thanks to Bruce Benaire, and last but certainly not least, an outstanding cover by Bob Larkin.

Now if only Warren Publishing could do as well with new material, I would be one of the happiest people alive!

JUDITH PASCUALE
South Miami, Fla.

I just saw the cover of *EERIE* #115 and purchased it immediately! The painting, by Bob Larkin, made one of the most dynamic covers of the year!

Needless to say, this is the reason I buy the Warren magazines! The covers alone promise action, adventure and the visual fulfillment of all sorts of fantasies. And it is a promise that is by and large kept in every Warren magazine. Even though the stories within *EERIE* #115 were reprints, that promise was kept in full with the "Night of the Jackaws" series. Being able to see it reprinted in its entirety within one issue, has confirmed me in my opinion that it was one of the best series ever printed in *EERIE* magazine!

TERRY WILLARDS
San Francisco, Calif.

A cover from the vaults of time! The Sanjulian painting on the cover of *EERIE* #114 was without any doubt, something that must have been lying around the editorial offices of Warren Publishing for a century at least! Not only that, but it wasn't a very good Sanjulian either.

If the cover was a bomb, at least the stories within were much better! "The Executioners," by Carlos Gimenez was terrific. I love the way Gimenez manages to create a mood of terror with his expert sense of pacing and brilliant art.

The "Star Warrior" was another excellent story, or should I say adventure? Al Sanchez's art was superb, and I for one, will be looking for an encore to this tale.

Haxtur went his merry way again, in the land that never was. It seems to me that Haxtur is lost in limbo, that place in Catholic mythology that lies halfway between Heaven and Hell. It is here that those who aren't eternally damned wait to expiate their sins before entering their eternal reward. So, on the face of it, it looks as if our mercenary hero is headed towards a happy conclusion.

STAN JOHNSON
Petula, Minn.

"Plutonia, colony of sin, murder and mayhem, set in the outer reaches of the Solar System." When I read that I thought, "Oh no, not another science fiction epic in the Warren style." Well, thank goodness, it wasn't! "Star Warrior" by Al Sanchez and David Jacobs, turned out to be a real adventure story in every sense of the word. This is the sort of story that the Warren magazines should be filled with: riveting action, brilliantly rendered. This kind of story is so much better than the meandering tripe so extant in "Haxtur."

BILL SANTUCCI
Providence, R.I.

Dear Cousin Eerie,

c/o Warren Publishing Co.
45 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

I've been itching to tell someone what I thought about #114. And who better to communicate with than the editorial staff of Warren Publishing and all the loyal fans who read the letters page!

It has long been apparent that the Warren magazines have been the only comic art magazines worth reading! It seems that the other that Warren gains a substantial fan following in the years to come because Warren is the only company that continues to produce quality material.

The first story in *EERIE* #114, "Star Warrior," however, was bit disappointing. Had I read it in one of the other comic books, I might have been satisfied.

But since it was in a Warren magazine, which is supposed to be several steps ahead of the competition, it was nothing short of shameful! The plot, the characterization and the art were all substandard.

But "The Executioners," by Carlos Gimenez, was another matter entirely! That story was excellent. Rather than using super-poppers and exotic blondes, Gimenez wove his story around the problems inherent in our society and in the personalities of all human beings. Although the cannibalistic aspect of the story left a rather bad taste in my mouth, it was a very good look at man's paramount urge...urge to survive!

The third feature, "Haxtur: Panthers, Wolves and Death," by Victor de la Fuente, at first left very little impression upon me. But, when I figured out what De la Fuente's real purpose was, I became rather enamored of the story. De la Fuente isn't trying to introduce the usual comic stereotypes. He is merely trying to chronicle the adventures of a rather unusual character, to say the least, as he tries to cope with bizarre surroundings. As a result, I found the story highly enjoyable and the art superb.

IVAN TORDKIAN
Neweto, Calif.

It seems to me that the golden age of the Warren magazines has passed. How else could one explain the difference in quality between the so called new offerings in *EERIE* #114 and the outstanding quality of the reprinted material to be found in *EERIE* #115?

It fills me with a certain sense of gloom to know that there is nowhere for the Warren magazine to go these days except down!

Please don't force me to abandon *EERIE* and its sister magazines to the doubtful virtues of color in Heavy Metal magazine.

Somewhat, somehow, there must be good writers with the talents to produce good stories for Warren's still top notch stable of artists.

BILL DONALDSON
Boston, Mass.

HAGGARTH

SKULL OF THE THREE SNAKES

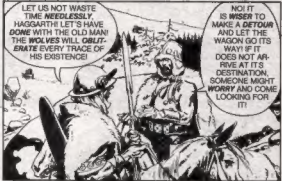


WHOA!
QUIET, MY
BROTHERS!

WINTER! A THIN LAYER OF SNOW COVERED THE FROZEN GROUND. ITS VIRGIN WHITENESS VIOLATED BY FIVE RAGING HORSEMEN... RAIDERS FROM THE TUNIC, MOUNTAINLAND DESCENDING INTO THE VALLEY ON A MISSION OF WAR!




THERE IS A WAGON
BELOW. WE MUST BE
STILL SO THE DRIVER
DIDN'T SEE US!



LET US NOT WASTE
TIME NEEDLESSLY.
HAGGARTH! LET'S HAVE
DONE WITH THE OLD MAN!
THE WOLVES WILL OBLI-
TERATE EVERY TRACE OF
HIS EXISTENCE!

NO! IT
IS WISER TO
MAKE A DETOUR
AND LET THE
WAGON GO ITS
WAY! IF IT
DOES NOT AR-
RIVE AT ITS
DESTINATION,
SOMEONE MIGHT
WORRY AND COME
LOOKING FOR
IT!



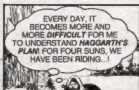
OUR TRACKS
ARE EVERYWHERE!
IF ANYONE WERE
TO SEE THEM,
THEY'D KNOW THAT
A WAR PARTY HAD
INVADED THEIR
LAND! WE WILL
DOUBLE BACK
THROUGH THE FOR-
EST AND EMERGE
AMONG THE ROCKY
CLIFFS WHERE OUR
TRACKS CAN'T
BE SEEN!



KOBRAH! RIDE
OVER TO THAT STAND
OF SPRUCE AND MAKE
SURE THERE ARE NO
VILLAGERS IN
SIGHT!



IF WE MEET NO
OBSTACLES WE WILL
ARRIVE AT THE MONAST-
ERY BEFORE SUNDOWN! IT'S
A RISKY, TREACHEROUS
ROUTE, BUT IT WILL
SAVE AN ENTIRE
DAY'S RIDE!



EVERY DAY, IT
BECOMES MORE AND
MORE DIFFICULT FOR ME
TO UNDERSTAND HAGGARTH'S
PLAN! FOR FOUR SUNS, WE
HAVE BEEN RIDING. . .



HE IS ON THE
VERGE OF STARTING
A WAR! YET, HE SKULKS
ABOUT LIKE A THIEF,
TRYING TO AVOID HIS
ENEMIES! IT IS UNLIKE
HIM! HAGGARTH HAS NEVER
BEEN AFRAID OF
ANYTHING!

SUDDENLY, AN OMINOUS VOICE CUT-
TING LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH THE CRISP
AIR, HALTED THE RAIDER IN HIS
TRACKS!



HOLD! ADVANCE
NO FURTHER, WARRIOR!
DO NOT MOVE IF YOU
VALUE YOUR LIFE!





WHO ARE YOU, HUMAN DUNG. TO ISSUE ORDERS TO ME?

NO! DON'T! STOP, I SAY!

THE RAIDER'S NEXT STEP WAS HIS LAST. AS THE GROUND BENEATH HIS FEET YAWNED AND SWALLOWED HIM WHOLE!



MAGGARTH! THAT SCREAM! DID YOU HEAR?

IT WAS KOBRHA! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HIM! ON YOUR HORSES QUICKLY!



HE IS TOO EXPERIENCED A WARRIOR TO BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE! AND YET...HE WOULD NOT HAVE SCREAMED UNLESS HE WERE INJURED...OR DEAD!



BY THE GODS! IT IS A TUNIC RAIDING PARTY! WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

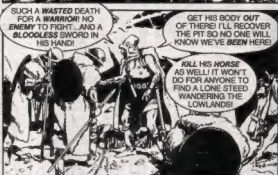


THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD KOBRAH COULD HAVE TAKEN. YET, THERE IS NO SIGN OF A STRUGGLE! WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM!



HE'S BEEN IMPALED LIKE A WILD BOAR!

HAGGARTH! COME QUICKLY! KOBRAH! I'VE FOUND HIM!



SUCH A WASTED DEATH FOR A WARRIOR! NO ENEMY TO FIGHT... AND A BLOODLESS SWORD IN HIS HAND!

GET HIS BODY OUT OF THERE! I'LL RECOVER THE PIT SO NO ONE WILL KNOW WE'VE BEEN HERE!

KILL HIS HORSE AS WELL! IT WON'T DO FOR ANYONE TO FIND A LONE STEED WANDERING THE LOWLANDS!



NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I WANT TO REACH THE TEMPLE BEFORE SUNDOWN... AND COMPLETE OUR MISSION BEFORE THE MORNING!



TUNIC WARRIORS! THEY TRESPASS UPON OUR LANDS AND VIOLATE THE TREATY BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES!

WHAT EVIL PURPOSE DO THEY HAVE IN COMING HERE?



TUNICS! THE
SAME WAR PARTY
THAT THIED TO
HIDE FROM ME
EARLIER!

THEY'RE AVOIDING
THE ROADS... TRYING
NOT TO BE SEEN!



THEY MUST
NOT KNOW THAT THIS
REGION IS PRACTICALLY
UNINHABITED!

SUDDENLY, A LONE FIGURE
HURTTES DOWN THE
HILLSIDE... STUMBLING, SLIPPING
ON THE ICY ROCKS... ALMOST
TRAMPLED BY THE FRIGHTENED,
SKITTERISH HORSE!



WHO!
WHAT
NOW?

C-CAN'T STOP!
MUST WARN THE VILLAGERS
THAT TUNICS ARE ON
THE WAY!



IT IS PROVING
TO BE A STRANGE
DAY IN THE LOWLANDS,
MY PET! EVERYONE
IS EDGY!

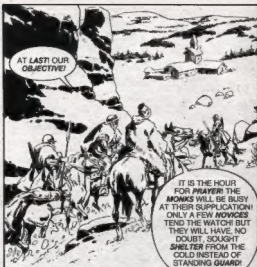


IT IS AS THOUGH
THEY WERE ALL
TRYING TO EVADE THE
DEMONS OF HELL!

DAYLIGHT WANES, SLOWLY, GENTLY
TRANSFORMING THE AFTERNOON INTO
DUSK AS THE FOUR OUTLAND RAIDERS
MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE SNOW-
CAPPED HILLS!



ASHTHA
SIGNALS! THE
MONASTERY MUST
BE ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THIS
RISE!



AT LAST! OUR
OBJECTIVE!

IT IS THE HOUR
FOR PRAYER! THE
MONKS WILL BE BUSY
AT THEIR SUPPLICATION!
ONLY A FEW MOVIES
TEND THE WATCH! BUT
THEY WILL HAVE, NO
DOUBT, SOUGHT
SHELTER FROM THE
COLD INSTEAD OF
STANDING GUARD!



LISTEN WELL,
EVERY ONE OF
US MUST FEND FOR
HIMSELF! IF ANYONE
IS WOUNDED, HE MUST
BE LEFT BEHIND! WE
CANNOT JEOPARDIZE
THE MISSION TRYING
TO SAVE ONE ANOTHER
FROM A WARRIOR'S
DEATH!



THE MAN
WHO TAKES
POSSESSION OF THE ICON
WILL GIVE THE
SIGNAL FOR
THE OTHERS
TO LEAVE!

REMEMBER
...WE MUST
ACT SWIFTLY
AND
SILENTLY!

NOT FAR FROM THE MONASTERY, AN EXHAUSTED NEAR HYSTERICAL YOUTH STAGGERS INTO HIS VILLAGE BEARING

EDWARD PULVER

H-HELP ME TORAG! THERE ARE TUNIC WARRIORS IN OUR LAND!

AT THIS MOMENT THEY MUST BE AT THE DOORS OF THE MONASTERY!

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO GUESS WHAT THE TUNICS ARE FROM THEIR WOLF THE SKULL OF THREE SNAKES SYMBOL OF OUR UNITY!

FOR CENTURIES THE TUNICS HAVE TRIED TO SUBJUGATE OUR PEOPLE. NOW THEY ARE TRYING TO PROVOKE AN INTERNAL WAR SO THAT EVERY CLAN CHIEF WILL CLAIM THE POWER TO RULE THE

IT IS A DEVILISH PLAN. IF OUR ARMIES ARE DIVIDED WE WILL BE EASY PREY!

WHAT CAN WE DO? IT WOULD BE DAYS BEFORE WE ALERTED ALL THE LOWLAND CHIEFS.

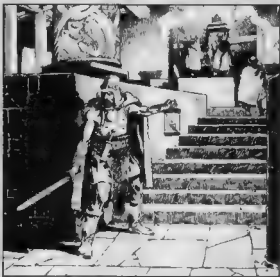
BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE MONASTERY IT WOULD BE TOO LATE! THE INTRUDERS WOULD BE GONE!

IF WE CANNOT COUNT UPON THE SOLDIERS, THEN IT IS FOR US TO DEFEND OURSELVES! LET US LEAVE AT ONCE! IF THE TUNICS ARE STILL IN THE TEMPLE, THEY WILL PAY DEARLY!

QUICKLY SILENTLY, THE OUTLAND RAIDERS CREEPED THROUGH THE MONASTERY, TOWARD THE SACRED TEMPLE OF THE THREE SNAKES! THEN DANGER SUDDENLY APPEARED IN THE FORM OF A PASSING MONK!



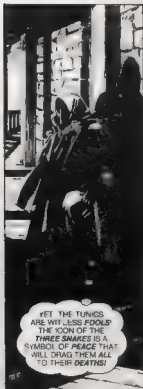
A DANGER THAT WAS QUICKLY ELIMINATED!



WITH PRACTICED STEALTH THE RAIDERS
BAGGED THE GOLDEN ICON WHILE PIERCING
MALICIOUS EYES WATCHED THEIR EVERY
MOVE!

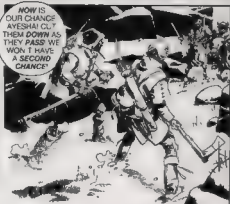
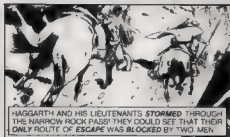
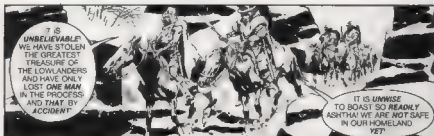


ALL GOES
AS PLANNED! I
HAVE ONLY TO
WAIT!



YET THE TUNICS
ARE WITLESS FOOLS!
THE ICON OF THE
THREE SNAKES IS A
SYMBOL OF PEACE THAT
WILL DRAG THEM ALL
TO THEIR DEATHS!







THE YOUNG WOODSMAN'S AXE WAS SHARP AND TRUE! IT SLICED THROUGH THE BELLY OF THE TUNIC LEADER IN A WRETCHED DEATHBLOW THAT THREW HIM FROM HIS MOUNT!





THE CHARGING HORSE RAGED BY THE YOUTHFUL WOODSMAN, EVEN AS THE FINAL TUNIC WARRIOR ~~WAS~~ **WAS** READY FOR HIS



THE GODS BE PRAISED!
THE HORSE'S REINS HAVE
TWISTED AROUND
THAT LIMB

OUR PEOPLE WON'T
BE DEPRIVED OF THE ICON
AFTER ALL!



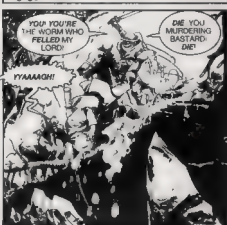
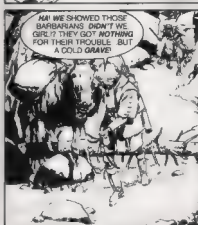
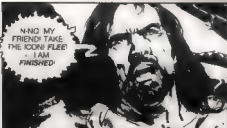
COME MY
BROTHERS! BUT
ONE TUNIC OUR
REMAINS! SLAY
HIM! DO NOT LET
HIM ESCAPE OUR
RIGHTEOUS
WRATH!



YET THE HIGHLAND
WARRIOR WAS CON-
SUMED WITH A WRATH
OF HIS OWN

DIE DOG! PAY
IN FULL FOR WOUNDING
MY LORD HAGGARTH!

AS THE WOODSMAN FELL, THE OUTLAND RAIDER
HURRIEDLY DISMOUNTED, KNOWING HE HAD LIT-
TLE TIME BEFORE THE REMAINING VILLAGERS
WERE UPON HIM!



HIS BLOODY VENGEANCE SATISFIED,
THE LONE TUNIC RAIDER RACED
FOR HIS HOMETOWN THE
COVETED JCGW SAFELY IN HIS
POSSESSION

WHILE A VALIANT YOUTH
LAY STILLED AMONGST THE
COLD JAGGED CLIFFS!



LOOK BLOOD!
IT CAN ONLY BE
AYESHA'S!

HE MUST HAVE
FALLEN OVER THE SIDE
WHEN THE BARBARIAN CUT
HIM DOWN!



THE POOR LAD!
HE DIDN'T HAVE A
PRAYER! THE RAVINE
IS MORE THAN SIXTY
CUBITS DEEP AND
THE ROCKS ARE AS
SHARP AS SPEARS!

FORGET ABOUT
THE BOY! WE'VE
GOT TO TAKE
CARE OF THE
WOUNDED!

WE CAN
COME BACK LATER
TO COLLECT THE
BODIES!

N-NO!
O-DON'T GO!
H-HELP ME
PLEASE!



THE SOLE
SURVIVING
HIGHLANDER
TRUDGED
WEARILY
THROUGH
THE
FOREST
WARE OF
BEING
FOLLOWED!

THIS BEAST IS
SLOWING ME DOWN!
I SHOULD ABANDON
IT AND CARRY THE
ICON WITH ME! IF I
CONTINUE AT THIS
PACE THE PEASANTS
WILL CATCH ME
HANDLY!

THE RIDER
NEVER EVEN
NOTICED
THE OLD
MAN
GATHERING
DEADWOOD
FOR HIS
FIRE! THE
SAME OLD
MAN WHO
HAD SEEN
HIM TWICE
BEFORE

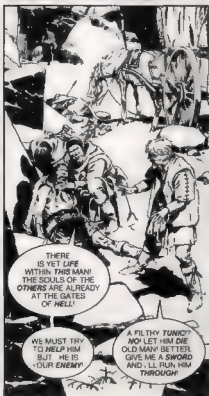
A LONE
TUNG WARRIOR?
WHAT HAS BECOME
OF HIS FOUR
COMRADES?

AS THE OLD MAN PROGRESSED DOWN THE ROAD
HE CAME UPON AN EVEN MORE STARTLING SIGHT!

H-HELP
ME! HELP ME
PLEASE!

A BOY!
HE'S HURT!

IT'S BEEN A
LONG TIME SINCE
I'VE SEEN THE
EVENING CALM SO
DISTURBED!





WHAT?? KILL A HELPLESS MAN? I WON'T PERMIT IT!

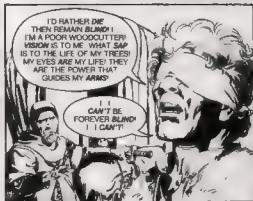
WARRIORS! DAMN YOU ALL!
YOU CHASE NOTHING BUT FEAR
AND SORROW! YOU LEAVE NOTHING
IN YOUR WAKE BUT BLOODY WARS
THAT DESTROY WHAT OTHER MEN
HAVE LABORED TO CREATE!

HAVE NO LOVE
FOR THESE BARBARIC
TUNICS! BUT IT IS MY
GOD-GIVEN DUTY TO HELP
THIS DYING MAN IF
IN ANY WAY I CAN!



COME! GIVE
GIVE ME A HAND,
LAD! I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT TO DO!

I WISH THERE
WERE SOMETHING
I COULD DO FOR
YOUR EYES, BOY!
I'M ALMOST CER-
TAIN NO HEALER
FROM THIS LAND
WILL EVER RE-
STORE YOUR
SIGHT!



I'D RATHER DIE
THEN REMAIN BLIND!
I'M A POOR WOODCUTTER!
VISION IS TO ME WHAT SAP
IS TO THE LIFE OF MY TREES!
MY EYES ARE MY LIFE! THEY
ARE THE POWER THAT
GUIDES MY ARMS!

I
CAN'T BE
FOREVER BLIND!
I I CAN'T!



CALM DOWN, LAD! I WON'T
FILL YOU WITH FALSE HOPES
BUT THERE IS ONE PERSON WHO
MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO SOME
THING FOR YOU!

A WITCH?
ARE YOU SAYING THAT
MAGICKS CAN RESTORE
MY SIGHT?

HAVE YOU EVER
HEARD OF ARMA, THE
WITCH WOMAN?



SHE HAS POWERS
OF WHICH YOU'VE NEVER
DREAMED AND KNOWLEDGE OF
ANCIENT RITES LONG FORGOTTEN
BY MERE MORTAL FOOLS
SUCH AS WE!



ARNIA IS AS OLD AS
ETERNITY! SHE HAS RETIRED TO
LIFE IN ANOTHER DIMENSION
UNKNOWING TIME!



ONLY IF SHE AGREES
TO SEE SOMEONE DOES SHE
ALLOW THEM TO PASS INTO
HER REALM FREELY

IS THIS TRUE
OLD MAN OR SOME
FAIRY TALE OF YOUR
MAGINATION?



I WOULD NOT
LIE TO YOU OR TRY
TO GIVE YOU FALSE
HOPE BOY!



THEN
HOW DO WE
COMMUNICATE WITH
ARNIA? HOW CAN WE
FIND THE ROAD TO
HER REFUGE?



ARNIA KNOWS WHEN
SHE IS NEEDED. LAD!

EVEN NOW SHE IS
OPENING THE DOORS OF HER HIDING
PLACE FOR US!

IT IS A STRANGE AND
WONDROUS LAND, SON! WOULD
THAT YOU HAD THE EYES TO
RECOGNIZE THE SIGNS OF HER PRESENCE!

TO BE CONTINUED

HEY FRIEND!
YOU LOOK FAMILIAR!
HAVE I EVER SEEN YOU
IN HERE BEFORE?

HAH! IT'S MY FIRST
TIME! I'M JUST PASSING
THROUGH ON MY WAY TO THE
MARTIAN COLONIES!

MARS COLONIES?
YEAH NOW REMEMBER
YOU'RE THAT BOUNTY
HUNTER THE ONE WHO'S
SMASHED HIS WAY
ALL OVER CREATION

STEEL
STARFIRE
ISN'T IT?
SAY DID
YOU EVER
CATCH THAT
TIN-FACED
CROOK?

NOPE! BUT WHY
DON'T YOU PULL UP
A CHAIR! LET ME BUY
YOU A TOKE OR TWO AND
I'LL TELL YOU HOW DAMN
NEAR LOST MY LIFE
CHASING THAT
MANIACAL
ROBOT MAN!

STEEL STARFIRE

TIES FROM THE
GALACTIC INN

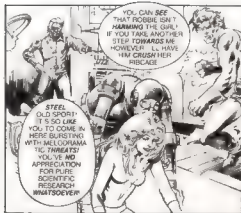
CYBER AND I GO BACK A LONG WAY. WE WERE LASER-STRAFERS
TOGETHER BACK IN THE MERCURIAN WARS!

HALF HIS BODY WAS DESTROYED WHEN HE WAS SHOT DOWN IN A
DOGFIGHT WITH MERCURIAN STAR-SMASHERS! HE WAS LUCKY
TO ESCAPE WITH HIS LIFE WHEN THE TECHNOMEDS REPLACED
HIS BATTERED ORGANS WITH CYBERNETIC PARTS!

ORDER YOUR
ROBOT TO RELEASE
THE GIRL, CYBER
OR I'LL RIP HIM
APART WITH MY
BARE HANDS!

NOWADAYS HE AND HIS ROBOTIC HENCHMEN ABDUCT WOMEN FROM EVERY COLONY IN THE SYSTEM JUST SO HE CAN PROVE TO HIMSELF THAT HE IS SOMETHING MORE THAN HALF A MAN!

I MANAGED TO TRACK HIM TO HIS LAIR AFTER ONE SUCH ABDUCTION ON VENUS!



YOU CAN SEE
THAT ROBBIE ISN'T
HARMING THE GIRL!
IF YOU TAKE ANOTHER
STEP TOWARDS ME
HOWEVER... I'LL HAVE
HIM CRUSH HER
RIBCAGE!

STEEL
OLD SPORT!
IT'S SO LIKE
YOU TO COME IN
HERE BURSTING
WITH MELODRAMA
'TIC THREATS!
YOU'VE NO
APPRECIATION
FOR PURE
SCIENTIFIC
RESEARCH
WHATSOEVER!



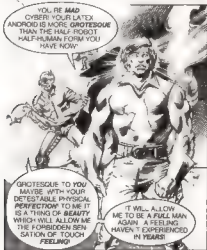
AS FOR YOU
TEARING INTO
MY ROBOT WITH
YOUR BARE HANDS
EVERYONE KNOWS
ABOUT YOUR FAMOUS
ION GLOVES! GIVES
YOU THE STRENGTH
OF TEN MEN OH
SOME SIMILAR
FOOLISHNESS
DOESN'T IT?

THEY'RE NOT
UNLIKE THE NEW
ANDROID FORM
I'VE DESIGNED
FOR MYSELF
SEE STEEL?



IT'S A LATEX BODY THAT WILL
ALLOW ME TO ESCAPE THIS
CYBERNETIC ABOMINATION

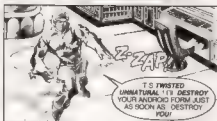
"ONCE PERFECTED I WILL
TRANSFER MY BRAIN INTO ITS
FLESH-LIKE FORM AND, TOO
WILL HAVE THE UNDREAMED
OF STRENGTH THAT YOUR
GLOVES GIVE YOU! BUT
MORE I WILL ONCE AGAIN BE
A MAN ABLE TO EXPERIENCE
MANLY PLEASURES LONG
SINCE FORDOTTEN!



YOU'RE MAD
CYBER! YOUR LATEX
ANDROID IS MORE GROTESQUE
THAN THE HALF-ROBOT
HALF-HUMAN FORM YOU
HAVE NOW!

GROTESQUE TO YOU
MAYBE WITH YOUR
DETESTABLE PHYSICAL
PERFECTION TO ME IT
IS A THING OF BEAUTY
WHICH WILL ALLOW ME
THE FORBIDDEN SEN-
SATION OF TOUCH
FEELING!

IT WILL ALLOW
ME TO BE A FULL MAN
AGAIN A FEELING
HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED
IN YEARS!



Z-ZAP!

IT'S TWISTED
UNNATURAL! IT'S DESTROY
YOUR ANDROID FORM JUST
AS SOON AS DESTROY
YOU!



NOT IMPOSSIBLE!
MY ION BLAST BEAM IS
GOING RIGHT THROUGH YOU
AS THOUGH YOU
WERE AN ILLUSION!

EVEN AS THE WORDS SLIPPED FROM MY LIPS I REALIZED WHAT THE CUNNING DR. CYBER HAD DONE! THE IMAGE BEFORE ME WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION! CYBER HAD BEEN BEHIND ME ALL ALONG!



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU AGAIN STEEL! REALLY? WON'T YOU JUST SLIDE BETWEEN MY FINGERS?

THERE ARE OTHER YOUNG JOVELIES WHO YET

RAGE AND FRUSTRATION COURSED THROUGH MY BODY! I ARRANGED FOR THE P.O.D. AS ITS RETRO JETS BLAZED WITH LIFE!



FAREWELL STEEL! UNTIL OUR VECTORS CROSS AGAIN!

THERE WAS NO WAY IN HELL I COULD

I FUMED AS CYBER'S MOCKING LAUGHTER RICHED THROUGH THE LAB!



YOU ROBOT! GET AWAY FROM THAT GIRL!

I REALIZED THAT EVEN THOUGH I HAD ELUDED ME, HIS ANDROID AND ROBOT HENCHMAN HAD NOT! IT WAS AT LEAST A PARTIAL VICTORY BECAUSE I'D MAKE SURE CYBER NEVER USED EITHER AGAIN!



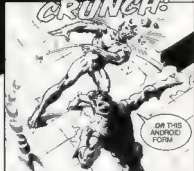
I MEAN NOW!



YOU OKAY MISS? THE ROBOT DIDN'T HARM YOU DID HE?

I'M FINE! BUT THAT ANDROID CYBER COULDN'T REALLY TRANSFER HIS BRAIN INTO T COULD HE?

THE MAN'S A DEMENTED GENIUS! IT'S POSSIBLE!



IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, I TRACKED CYBER FROM THE STORM CENTERS OF JUPITER TO THE LAVA CLIFFS OF VENUS ON EVERY WORLD; ENCOUNTERED HIM HE HAD KIDNAPPED SOME LOCAL BEAUTY AND WAS SUBJECTING HER TO THE MOST PERVERSE, DEMENTED TORTURES IMAGINABLE. IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE THE ENTIRE FEMALE POPULACE OF THE STAR SYSTEM PAY FOR REJECTING HIS HALF-HUMAN, HALF-ROBOT FORM. IF HE HAD BEEN SANE, HE WOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT HE WAS BEING REJECTED BY NO ONE! HE WAS AN OUTCAST BY HIS OWN CHOICE. IN HIS MIND,



"I WAS ALSO AS SLIPPERY AS A HIGLIAN GREASEEL." HE MANAGED TO GET AWAY FROM ME AT EACH CONFRONTATION. I SOON REALIZED THAT ALTHOUGH HE WAS MAD, HE WAS DEVILISHLY CUNNING!

I KNEW I WOULD HAVE TO EMPLOY DRASTIC MEASURES IF WE EVER TO COLLECT THE BOUNTY ON CYBER'S HEAD. I PUT THOSE MEASURES TO WORK IN ONE OF THE SEEDIER SECTIONS OF OLD COLONY EARTH.



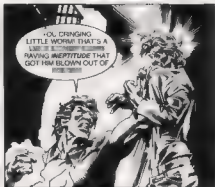
IF THERE WAS ANYONE WHO KNEW HOW TO GET TO CYBER, IT WAS HIS OLD BROTHER.

H-HEY!



HELLO, WARRBLE! YOU REMEMBER ME, DON'T YOU?

STARFIRE! YOU'RE THE GUY WHO GOT MY BROTHER SHOT DOWN ON MERCURY! IF NOT FOR YOU, HE'D BE A WHOLE MAN TODAY!

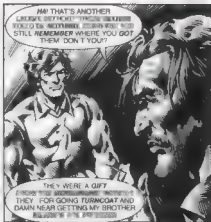


"OOL CRINGING LITTLE WORM! THAT'S A LAD OF STUNNING BEAUTY, RAVING INERTITUDE THAT GOT HIM BLOWN OUT OF THE SKY!"



CYBER? KAHNANA!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, STAR
FIRE? DID YOU FORGET HE
ONCE HAD A NAME THAT HE
UNTIL YOU TURNED TRAITOR
AND WENT OVER TO THE

I TOUGHT
TO CRUSH YOUR
LYING SKIN



HA! THAT'S ANOTHER
LIE! HE DEFENDED THOSE MEN
WOULD BE NOTHING. I KNOW YOU
STILL REMEMBER WHERE YOU GOT
THEM. DON'T YOU?

THEY WERE A GIFT
FROM THE GOVERNMENT. BECAUSE
THEY FOR GOING TURMOGAT AND
DAMN NEAR GETTING MY BROTHER
KILLED BY THE GOVERNMENT



IT'S A LIE!
ALL LIES! NONE OF
IT'S TRUE! I'LL KILL
YOUR BROTHER FOR
SPREADING THOSE
VICIOUS TALES!

YOU KNOW
STARFIRE. I THINK
IT'S YOU WHO'S THE
MAD MAN. YOU CAN'T
LIVE WITH YOURSELF.
CAN YOU? KNOWING
HOW YOU BETRAYED

HOW YOU
SOLD YOUR SOUL
FOR THOSE CHEAP
ION GLOVES?

MY MIND RACED FRANTICALLY! I WAS FRUSTRATED,
I WAS ANGRY. MAYBE JUST A LITTLE BIT IN-
SAMER. I COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT CYBER HAD SPREAD
SUCH MALICIOUS LIES ABOUT ME!

YET, IN HIS TWISTED MIND, HE PROBABLY BELIEVED IT
WAS ALL TRUE! AND IF HE BELIEVED IT, HOW MANY
OTHERS HAD HE CONVINCED THAT I WAS A TRAITOR?



MY MIND SUDDENLY EXPLODED WITH PAIN WHEN, FROM NOWHERE,
SOMEONE STARTED USING MY HEAD FOR BATTING PRACTICE!



I WAS DOWN, NUMBED, MY HEAD SPLITTING IN AGONY, BUT I
WASN'T QUITE OUT YET!



WEAKLY, I TRIED TO GET TO MY FEET BUT I COULDN'T!
AND THAT IS WHEN I SAW HIM! THE TWISTED HALF
MAN, OR, CYBER! AND JUST BEFORE THE WORLD
BLINKED OUT, I KNEW THAT I WAS AT HIS MERCY!

CHAINED IN ONE OF CYBER'S HIDDEN TORTURE LAMS; CYBER HIMSELF A-
NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. INSTEAD, I WAS SURROUNDED BY EVERY WOMAN
HAD EVER RESCUED FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE COXIOUS FIEND!

ALL IN GOOD TIME.
STARFIRE! BEFORE WE DO
WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO
SETTLE WITH YOU!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? SAVED YOU ALL OF YOU FROM THAT MADMAN CYBER? HE KID-NAPEd YOU. HE WAS TORTURING YOU!

W WHAT'S
L LET ME GO GET
THESE STINKING
OF ME!

**YOU DIM-WITTED FOOL! YOU'RE
EVEN MORE DEMENTED THAN
JESSE!**

WE'RE VOLUNTEERS
SWEETIE CAN YOU GET
THAT THROUGH YOUR
THICK SKULL?

WE WORK FOR
CYBER! WE'VE BEEN
TRYING TO HELP HIM
PERFECT THE ANDROID
BODY YOU
DESTROYED!

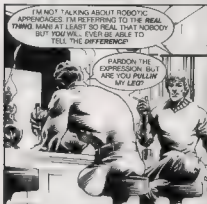
THE BODY HE
SO DESPERATELY NEEDS BECAUSE
OF WHAT YOU DID TO HIM!

BUT DESTROYING
HALF OF HIS BODY WASN'T ENOUGH
FOR YOU WAS IT STARFIRE? YOU
HAD TO MOUND HIM TORTURE HIM
TRY TO TOTALLY DESTROY HIM
BECAUSE HE ALWAYS KNEW THE
TRUTH ABOUT YOU

BUT CYBER
[REDACTED]
HE WOULD NEVER
THINK OF HARM-
ING YOU!

WE HOWEVER
AREN'T AS FORGIVING
STARFIRE® YOU MADE
HALF A MAN OF CYBER
NOW WE WILL MAKE
YOU

N-NOY N-NOO:
PLEASE. I



BOATS WERE JUST OUTSIDE THE CARRISBO, IN THE INSIGNIFICANT ANITLES, IS THE SMALL ISLAND REPUBLIC OF SANTA MALA.

TO MOST STUDENTS, SPRING VACATION MEANS THE STUDY OF OTHER STUDENTS... ON THE BEACHES OF FT. LAUDERDALE, NASSAU OR MALIBU.

FOR ME, SHIP KUZAK, THAT MEANT STUDYING THE EFFECTS OF BUDS AND MILDEW ON MY SUITCASES IN A BUNGALOW ON SANTA MALA... THE CHEAPEST GARDEN SPOT IN THE TOUR GUIDE!

STILL, I WAS QUIET

NOW IF ONLY I WANTED QUIET

I HAD COME LOOKING FOR SOME OF THE ACTION THE BROCHURE HAD PROMISED ME!

BUT NOT FOR THIS!

THE RED SHOT

Author **BRUCE HERRILL** / Illustrator **JESS JODLOMAN**

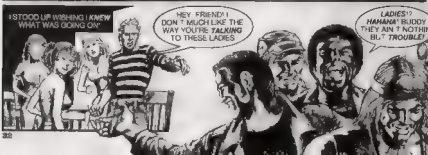
IT WAS THE EIGHTH DAY OF MY TEN DAY STAY AND I WAS TRYING TO REMEMBER WHAT A CAR LOOKED LIKE

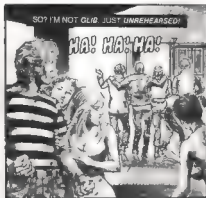


THE ONLY THING THAT FIZZED IN THAT PART OF THE OCEAN WAS SOME MOUNTAIN DEW THAT PROPRIETRESS BLACK RACHEL USED FOR DROWNING CHICKENS IN WHEN SHE WAS LAYING ON A CURSE



THEY WERE RELUCTANTLY AGREEING TO TRY SOME PFAGH, A TEA BREWED FROM MELON RINDS AND LOCAL SAND WHEN MY INTEREST SHIFTED FROM THEM TO SOMETHING MUCH MORE STIMULATING!





BOOBS WAS AS BEAUTIFUL AS A McCALL'S COVER AND ABOUT AS THIN. SHE'D MAKE A RAKE HANDLE LOOK OBESE.

HERE WAS EVERY FARMER'S DAUGHTER SHABBLILY TREATED BY ALL THE TRAVELLING SALESMEN IN THE STATE OF NEBRASKA AND STILL AS WHOLESOME AS AN EAR OF CORN.

OF THE TRIO THOUGH. IT WAS BEULAH WHO STRAINED MY CARDIO-VASCULAR SYSTEM EVERY TIME SHE SPOKE.



WHY DON'T YOU
COME WITH US, SKIP?
AT LEAST YOU CAN WANT
TO WATCH THE
GAME!

WE CAN
EXPLAIN IT ON
THE WAY



WHO COULD REFUSE?

YOU SEE, EVERY
YEAR THE GOVERNMENT
HERE SPONSORS A CON-
TEST ENTRANTS FROM
ALL OVER THE WORLD
PUT UP FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS EACH

IT'S SO THE
NATIVES CAN
ENJOY IT LIKE A CIRCUS!



THE PEOPLE WERE AN
UNUSUALLY LOW PRIORITY
IN BABY JACK'S SCHEME OF
THINGS. THEIR MAIN OCCU-
PATION WAS AVOIDING
THE SECRET POLICE!

IT'S ACTUALLY
A GAME OF KEEP-
AWAY THE PERSON
WITH THE BALL AT
THE END OF AN
HOUR WINS THE
PRIZE!

SOUNDS
SIMPLE
ENOUGH

WELL, NOT QUITE!
FIRST, THERE'RE NO
RULES EXCEPT THAT
CONTESTANTS CAN'T
CARRY WEAPONS!

AND IT
GETS A BIT
ROUGH!

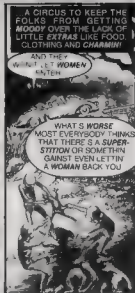


BETH WAS RIGHT! IT WAS A CIRCUS

A CIRCUS TO KEEP THE
FOLKS FROM GETTING
MOODY OVER THE LACK OF
LITTLE EXTRAS LIKE FOOD,
CLOTHING AND CHARMING!

AND THEY
WON'T LET WOMEN
ENTER

WHAT'S WORSE
MOST EVERYBODY THINKS
THAT THERE'S A SUPER-
STITION OR SOMETHING
GAINST EVEN LETTING
A WOMAN BACK YOU



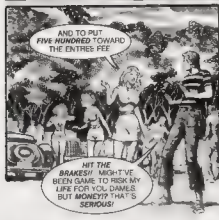


OH OH!
HERE COMES
THE PITCH
RIGHT?

NOWWW
DON'T BE SILLY!
CERTAINLY
NOT!

OF COURSE
IF YOU'RE INTERESTED
WE ARE LOOKING FOR
A GUY TO JOIN THE
ACTUAL COMPETITION
FOR US

OH TO
FEEL
NEEDED!



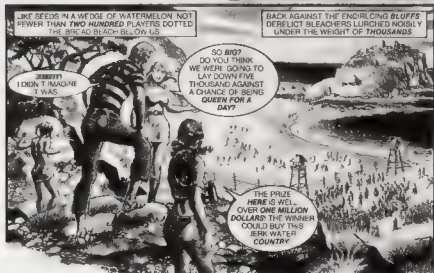
AND TO PUT
FIVE HUNDRED TOWARD
THE ENTREE FEE

HIT THE
BRAKES!! MIGHT'VE
BEEN GAME TO RISK MY
LIFE FOR YOU DAMES
BUT MONEY? THAT'S
SERIOUS!



IF I'D HAD
AN EXTRA FIVE
HUNDRED I'D
HAVE TAKEN THIS
'VACATION' IN
ANOTHER
OCEAN!

LOOK
THERE'S
THE
BEACH!



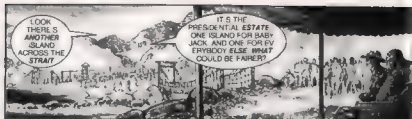
LIKE SEEDS IN A WEDGE OF WATERMELON NOT
FEWER THAN TWO HUNDRED PLAYERS DOTTED
THE BROAD BLACK BLOWN US

BACK AGAINST THE ENIGMATIC BLUFFS
DERELICT BLEACHERS LURCHED NOISILY
UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THOUSANDS

SO BIG?
DO YOU THINK
WE WERE GOING TO
LAY DOWN FIVE
THOUSAND AGAINST
A CHANCE OF BEING
QUEEN FOR A
DAY?

SHHHHHH
I DIDN'T IMAGINE
IT WAS

THE PRIZE
HERE IS WELL
OVER ONE MILLION
DOLLARS! THE WINNER
COULD BUY THIS
JERK WATER
COUNTRY



LOOK
THERE'S
ANOTHER
ISLAND
ACROSS THE
STRAIT

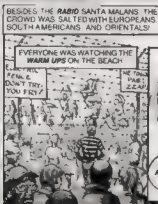
IT'S THE
PRESIDENTIAL ESTATE
ONE ISLAND FOR BABY
JACK AND ONE FOR EV
ERYBODY ELSE WHAT
COULD BE FAIRER?



WE CAREFULLY PICKED OUR WAY
DOWN THE HILL

SURE
HE'S NOT
SO SLOW
HE'D WATCH
THIS THING
WITHIN
ROCK-THROW-
ING RANGE
OF HIS
LOYAL
SUBJECTS!

A LITTLE
LANDFILL COULD
JOIN THESE
ISLANDS. BUT
THEN HOW IN
HELL WOULD B.J.
DEFEND HIMSELF
FROM THE
MONTHLY
INSURREC-
TIONS?



BESIDES THE **RABID SANTA MALANS** THE
CROWD WAS SALTED WITH EUROPEANS,
SOUTH AMERICANS AND ORIENTALS!

EVERYONE WAS WATCHING THE
WARM UPS ON THE BEACH

CLAYTON
FEMALE
DON'T TRY
YOU FRY!

HE YOUNG
MAB: ZEA!



I KNOW YOU SAID
**WEAPONS WEREN'T
ALLOWED** BUT I JUST SAW
A GUY OPENING A
COCONUT WITH HIS
FISTS!



EVEN AN **EXTRAVAGANT OVERSTATEMENT** COULDN'T CONVEY THE VARIETY OF **PLAYERS PRESENT!**

A **PRO WRESTLER** WHO
INTIMIDATED THE COM-
PETITION BY EATING
FISTFULS OF GRANEL!

TWO **BRITISH**
BATHING BEAUTIES
KEPT A BALL
AIRBORNE FOR
TEN MINUTES
WITH THEIR
FEET!

A **COWBOY**
LASOOING
UNWARY
VICTIMS!

A **MANIAL**
ARTS EXPERT
WHO CLEARED A
SMALL PALM
GROVE WHILE
HE WAITED!

TWO OF THE WEST
INDIAN PLAYERS
WERE OBVIOUS
CROWD FAVORITES

WELL, WHAT I
HEAR IS THAT THE
PRESIDENT LETS ONE
ISLANDER COMPETE FOR
FREE AND THE PEOPLE
USUALLY POOL THEIR
MONEY TO SPONSOR
ONE ANOTHER

HE MUST
KNOW THEY'D
BUY ENOUGH
GUNS TO SINK
THOSE ISLANDS IF
THEY WON!

NO KIDDING! I
CAN UNDERSTAND WHY
HE STAGES THIS SHOW
BUT LETTING LOCALS
ENTER TAKES A LOT OF
FINESSE

I FOUND BABY
JACK IN THE
CLASSIC

I'D HEARD HIS
NICKNAME WAS
FACETIOUS,
BUT I WASN'T
READY FOR IT'S
UTTER APPROPRI-
ATENESS!



HI! I
WANNA
SEE
BOOGS?

GAWD! HE
LOOK LIKE
A YEAR-OLD
BANANA!

THE GUY
INTENDS TO
BE SOME KND
FRUIT TOO!

JEMORAC
MUST FIGURE
IT'S WORTH THE
RISK TO LET THE
PEOPLE FEEL LIKE
ONCE A YEAR THEY
HAVE A LEGIT-
IMATE HOPE
OF FREE
DOM

NOON
SUPPOSEDLY
BUT IT LOOKS
LIKE SOME
THING'S
WRONG

WHEN
DOES
THIS
THING
GET
STARTED?

I BEEN
WATCHIN
AN Y'KNOW
WHAT? THEY
FORGOT THE
BALL!

SO
THEY WON'T
GET TOO
FIESTY THE
REST OF THE
TIME

JUST WISH
THERE WAS A
CHANCE WE
MIGHT WIN!





YOU MEAN THIS?
THE RED SHOT? THE
PRIMO BALL IN
THE WORLD?

The
Red
Shot

CRASH!

DO YOU
KNOW
WHAT
THIS
MEANS?

SKIP YOU'RE
A BLOODY GENIUS

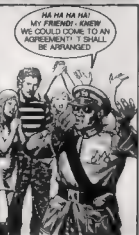
THE OFFICIAL IN CHARGE CAME BOUNCING
ACROSS THE SAND LIKE A KANGAROO IN HEAT

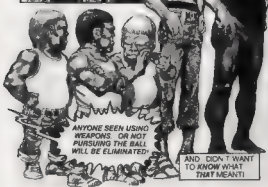
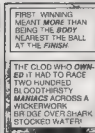
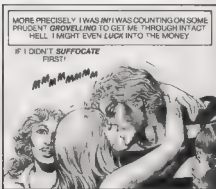
AH, MY FINE FRIEND
YOU ARE JUST THE MAN
I WANTED TO SEE!

UH OH!
I SMELL
TROUBLE!

I THINK
WE'RE AW!

I KISS YOUR
FEET, MY FRIEND
I EMBRACE YOUR
KNEES







A KID WHO COULD OUT REBOUND KAREEM, PULLED THE RED SHOT DOWN FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE STRATOSPHERE

AND WAS IMMEDIATELY OVER MATCHED BY A RED SNAPPER

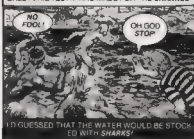
UNFORTUNATELY THE FISH QUALIFIED AS A WEAPON



NOW I KNEW WHAT IT MEANT TO BE "ELIMINATED!"

A JAPANESE SPONGE-DIVER SNATCHED UP THE BALL IN HIS TEETH AND MADE FOR THE CHANNEL

WHO KNEW JAWS' BIG BROTHER WAS VACATIONING AT SANTA MALA?



I'D GUESSED THAT THE WATER WOULD BE STOCKED WITH SHARKS!

SOMEONE MADE IT
ASHORE WITH THE OB-
JECT OF OUR LUST



WAS SCANDALIZED BY
THE UNEXPECTED FEROCY
OF THE ACTION

AFTER MEYER MAULER GOT HIS
PAWS ON THE BALL WE'D HAVE
DONE BETTER TRYING TO STEAL
A PORK HOCK FROM A GRIZZLY



SO I D D SOMETHING I
HADN'T PLANNED ON. I GOT
INVOLVED

THIS GUY MADE A SHERMAN TANK
LOOK LIKE A PANSY! SO MAYBE I

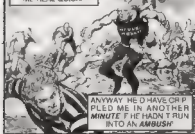


HEY MAULER
YOUR MOMMY TELLS
ME YOU'RE A ROARING
FAGGOT!

WHAAAAAT!?

MAULER WAS FAST FOR HIS SIZE OR I WAS
SLOW FOR MINE?

BUT HE DID NOTICE
ME REAL QUICK!



ANYWAY HE'D HAVE CRIP-
PLED ME IN ANOTHER
MINUTE F HE HADN'T RUN
INTO AN AMBUSH!



NOW FREAK!
WHAT DID YOU
SAY?

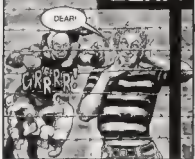
NE TOUN
ZZAP!

HEY 'M
SORRY

WHAT DO YOU CALL AMBUSHES THAT GO UNNOTICED?

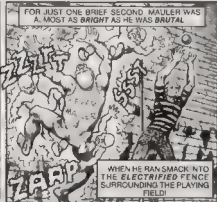
A LITTLE WAGGLE OF MY DERIERE WAS ENOUGH
TO INCITE HIM UNBEARABLY

ZZAP!



DEAR!

GRRRR!



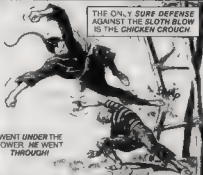
FOR JUST ONE BRIEF SECOND MAULER WAS
A MOST AS BRIGHT AS HE WAS BRUTAL

WHEN HE RAN SMACK INTO
THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE
SURROUNDING THE PLAYING
FIELD!

OUT OF NOWHERE, THE MARTIAL ARTS VERSION OF A DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION CONVENED ON MY HEAD!



AS I STAGGERED TO MY FEET THE ACTION RUMBLED AWAY, DOWN THE BEACH



THE TOWER CRUMBELED WITH THE MOST SATISFACTORY CRUNCHING SOUND THIS SIDE OF AN ELEPHANT IN A PEANUT PATCH



THE NEXT MINUTE IT GREW TOGETHER IN A PAINFUL BLUR OF EXAMINATION, UNTIL IT WAS A CASE OF REST OR BE LAD TO REST.



IT WAS RIGHT ABOUT THEN THAT I GOT ONE OF THE NASTIEST SHOCKS OF MY LIFE!

I WAS KNOCKED OVER BY THE BALL WHICH HAD POPPED OUT OF A FARAWAY KNOT OF PLAYERS.

THE GUY I'D COLLIDED WITH, ONE OF THE TWO LOCAL CONTESTANTS, GRABBED THE BALL AND RAN OFF LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL.



THEN A GUN EXPLODED! TIME WAS UP!

ALL THE LOCAL FAVORITE HAD TO DO WAS GET HIS CARGO ACROSS THE BRIDGE! THERE WAS NO ONE BETWEEN HIM AND BABY JACK.



I HAD THE CLEANEST SHOT, BUT I'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT HIM.

IF HE HADN'T COLLAPSED!



BEFORE I SET SAIL ACROSS THE SAND, A GLANCE BACK INTO THE CROWD CURDLED MY SPINE WITH SUDDEN REALIZATION.



THE ASSASSIN WAS THE SAME MAN I'D SEEN WITH BABY JACK THROUGH THE BINOCULARS!



THE POLICE HAD CLOSED IN ON THE ASSASSIN WHO COULD HAVE WON THE "MR. SUBTLETY" AWARD AT THE ANNUAL ASSASSIN'S CONVENTION!

THE WHOLE REEKING SCHEME LANDED ON ME LIKE A 747 THEN THE MURDERER HAD NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE AUTHORITIES.



THE AUTHORITIES CONSISTED OF EL PRESIDENTE, WHO PAID HIM TO KILL THE APPARENT WINNER, AND THEN CLAIM HE WAS THE PARTNER OF WHOEVER PLUCKED THE BALL FROM HIS VICTIM.

BABY JACK COULD THEN CALL THE GAME OFF! AND COLLECT THE PRIZE!



AND THE JUSTIFIABLE ANGER OF HIS SUBJECTS WOULD BE TURNED ON THE DECADENT FOREIGN INTERLOPER (ME) NOT THE LITTLE TWEAP WHO DESERVED IT

AS QUICKLY AS I REALIZED I WAS BEING PLAYED LIKE A FIDDLE. I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO TO CALL THE TUNE



AND WHEN I STOPPED SHY OF MY GOAL BABY JACK KNEW I KNEW!

THERE WERE TWO SANTA MOLA CONTESTANTS IN THE GAME, AND THE SURVIVOR WAS AT MY HEELS.



I LOBBED THE BALL AT HIM AND WALKED

THE GAME WAS OVER



DONNA-BETH AND BOOBS MADE FOR THE STATES BEULAH AND I BOUGHT ONE OF BABY JACK'S OLD DINGHIES AND WENT SAILING.

BABY JACK TRIED TO DENY RIGHTFUL PAYMENT OF THE PRIZE TO HIS PEOPLE AND EVEN HIS SECRET POLICE FOUND IT EXPEDIENT TO DESERT HIM

HIS SUBSEQUENT STATUS AS A POLITICAL PRISONER WAS NOT ENHANCED BY THE DISCOVERY THAT HE WAS A RETIRED BUSINESSMAN FROM MILWAUKEE

LAND-NO!

ARE MATE

IS THAT TRINIDAD ALREADY SKIPPER?

WE WOULD HAVE PLenty OF TIME TO DOCKED



end

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"IS THE ANYTHING IN THE
UNIVERSE MORE FERTILE
THAN A CHILD'S IMAGINA-
TION?"

"NOT ANYTHING OTHER
THERE IS NO!"

THAT IS A MEMORIZED
CONTEXT ANSWER IF I
EVER HEARD ONE!

AT ANY RATE REALITY IS
INFINITE, AND ANYTHING
THAT YOU CAN IMAGINE
HAS TO EXIST SOME
WHERE!

AND CHILDREN ARE
CAPABLE OF DREAMING
UP ANYTHING!

AND SOME CHILDREN
HAVE TREMENDOUS LAT-
ENT PSYCHIC POWERS
YET THEY ARE UNAWARE
OF IT!

YES MOTHER, AND
WE SPACE KIDS ROVE
THE UNIVERSE AWAKEN-
ING THE SLEEPING MINDS
OF KIDS EVERYWHERE!

SPACE KIDS



WARNING! ALERT! SUB-
JECT JON'S ANALYSIS
FEAR OF SLEEP
PERIOD! KICK!



UH OH! TROUBLE!
THE SIGNALS WE'VE
BEEN BEAMING INTO
HIS SLEEP-CENTER
HAVE BEEN DISTURB-
ING HIM! HE'S REM-
INDING NOW COM-
PUTER HOOK ME INTO
JON'S AUDIO-BRAIN
TAP BEFORE IMPLAN-
TING THE DREAM IM-

HELLO, JON!
REMEMBER ME?



AND WE ARE
PREPARED TO SHOW
YOU HOW SPECIAL
YOU ARE



NO! DON'T
BE AFRAID! YOU'RE
DIFFERENT! SPECIAL!
THAT'S ALL!



AND LISTEN
TO THE MUSIC!
COMPUTER, IF
YOU PLEASE!



TIF IN COMPLETE IM-
AGES PROJECTING SPACE
KIDS PROCEED!

YOU'RE LOOKING AT
HISTORY JON! THE HISTORY
OF MANY WORLDS!

NOT ALL OF IT IS VERY
PRETTY! BUT I WILL HELP
YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IS
HAPPENING TO YOU NOW!

"THESE KIDS
WERE UNAWARE
JUST LIKE YOU
JON! BUT WE MIND-
MELDED WITH
THEM AND
AWAKENED THEIR
PSYCHIC POTEN-
TIAL!"

SAY WHY THE MIKE? WE
COULD BROADCAST OUR MESSAGE
WITH A BRAIN-BLAST!

C'MON
IT'S JUST
A PROP!

RESIDES, EVERY
RECEIVER IN THE WORLD
WILL PICK UP OUR
SPEECH!

CAN CLEARLY
SEE THE UNDERLYING
BEAUTY OF THE
WORLD. THE INTER-
~~SPACE HORIZON~~
THE BALANCE OF
UNIVERSAL
UNITY--

WHATCHA
THINK OF OUR
NEW PLANETARY
ANTHEM. EH PEOPLE?
AND TO THINK
COULDN'T PLAY
A NOTE

KNOCK-OFF
THE METAPHYSICAL
BULL AND GIMME
A DRUM ROLL! WE'VE
GOT A PLANET TO
EDUCATE! ATTENTION
CITIZENS. ATTEN-
TION!

THAT JUNK
YOU KIDS CALL
MUSIC IS JAMMING
ORBITAL DEFENSE
COMPUTERS!

YOU LITTLE
TWERPS GOT
A PERMIT
FOR DEMON-
STRATING?

OUR
POWER IS
OUR PERMIT!
AND WE WILL
SHARE IT
WITH YOU!

HOWEVER JON, THE METABOLISM OF
MANY ADULT ENDOCRINE GLANDS
OVERLOADED ON PURE PSI! THEY
BLANKED-OUT TO THE NON-ZONE!

"THAT IS AN UN-PLACE WHERE EVEN
FEARLESS KIDS DARE NOT TREAD!
MILLIONS PAST PUBERTY PERISHED!"

"ON THE PLANET KHORNA, JON, THE SKEPTICAL SUPER-POWERS COMPILED FOR INTENSIVE STUDY OUR PSI-ENHANCED KIDS! THAT WAS A MAJOR MISCALCULATION ON THEIR PART!"



SO YOU WANNA TEST US? WELL, WE'LL TEST YOU INSTEAD!

"WITH THEIR PSYCHIC POTENTIAL VASTLY ENHANCED, THE KIDS SIMPLY TOOK MENTAL CONTROL OF ALL COMPUTERS!"



IT WAS JUST DUMB. MY JOB! LOOK I'VE GOT A WIFE AN' KIDS JUST LIKE YOU!

MANY MORE ADULTS PROGRAMS WERE SUBMITTED TO THEIR OWN EXPERIMENTS!"

"I REALLY DOUBT THAT YOU HAVE KIDS EXACTLY LIKE JS! UMMM, ACCORDING TO THIS PRINT-OUT, I HAVE THE ABILITY TO TELEPORT!"



"THEN, JON, THE NEW KIDS TURNED THE COMPUTERS ON THEMSELVES TO ANALYZE WHAT THEY HAD ASSIGNED!"

I SEEM TO BE ABLE TO SEE AND HEAR INTO RANGES FAR BEYOND NORMAL SENSORY LIMITATIONS!



AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, ZSEN?

I'M NOT SURE CARLA I'M COMPLETELY OFF SCALE!



MY MAIN CONCERN IS THE REACTION OF THE SUPER-POWERS ONCE THEY DETERMINE THE TRUE EXTENT OF OUR MIGHT!



I'LL USE SHEER MENTAL ENERGY TO REPROGRAM THE CENTRAL COMPUTER THROUGH THIS LOCAL TERMINAL AND FIND OUT



PROJECTION. THE WORLD GOVERNMENTS WILL ATTEMPT TO INTERVIEW YOU WITH SUGGESTED MIND-CONTROL TECHNIQUES! CONJECTURE: FAILING THAT THEY WILL DEEM YOU A THREAT AND WILL TRY TO EXTERMINATE YOUR GROUP!



KILL THE ADULTS!

FAT CHANCE, SUCKERS!

TEACH THEM A LESSON!

THEY CAN'T MESS WITH US!

KILL, UNPLUG, KILL!



NO PLEASE! I'VE GOT A WIFE A FAMILY KIDS JUST YOU!



MOTHER, DON'T YOU THINK THAT THESE REMINDER FLATBACKS WERE TOO MUCH FOR JON TO ACCEPT?"

IT'S A CHANCE THAT MUST BE RISKED! IF JON CAN ONLY FIT THE
PIECES TOGETHER, HE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE PUZZLE!

"SO, JON, THESE SPACE KIDS DECIDED THAT THE BEST WAY OUT WAS TO
LEAVE! THEY COMMANDEERED A STARSWEEPER... THE FRIEDRAKE! AND
SPED INTO THE COSMOS WITH A VERY SORRY ADULT ON THEIR TRAIL!

FRINGE PATROL
CRAFT TO STARSWEEPER
FRIEDRAKE! COME IN FRIEDRAKE!
DO YOU READ ME? WE WERE WRONG! WE
WANT YOU BACK! WE NEED YOU!
FRIEDRAKE!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE
THAT HE'S BEEN ABLE TO
MATCH OUR HEADING
THIS FAR OUT! BUT A
DETERMINED SPACER'LL
DO ANYTHING!

HIS IONIC
TURBOBLAZERS WILL
RUN DRY WITHIN AN
HOUR... AND HIS AIR
IN THREE!

HE'LL DIE!
AND JUST TO ASK US
TO RETURN!

PERHAPS
WE SHOULD
TURN BACK!

YOU GOTTA
BE KIDDIN'!

I DUNNO!
YOU GOTTA ADMIRE
HIS GUTS TO COME ALL
THE WAY OUT HERE ON A
ONE WAY MISSION!

WE CAN
CONTACT THE
COMMANDER ON HER
WRIST-COM! THE
DECISION WILL
BE MINE!

TURN BACK? TELL
'EM TO DROP DEAD! WE TOLD
THEM WE COULD END POVERTY,
WAR, DISEASE... AND THEY
LAUGHED AT US! THE
AUTO-NAV ALREADY'S LOCATED
A SUITABLE PLANET.
SO LET'S GET SET
TO JUMP IT!

YOU HEARD
THE COMMANDER!
COORDINATES LOOKED
IN! BUCKLE IN AND
HOLD TIGHT WHILE
WE WHARP OUTTA
HERE!

DESPAIR ENFOLDS THE CAPTAIN OF THE
PLUNDERING PATROL CRAFT!

GONE! WHO COULD
EVER HAVE IMAGINED THAT THOSE
KIDS HAD THE POWER TO HJACK A
STARSWEEPER! MY POWER IS GONE!
AND THE AIR IS GETTING THIN!

ALL I CAN
DO IS DRIFT
ENDLESSLY!

"THE KIDS DECIDED
TO ABANDON THEIR
HOME WORLD. JON!
NO ONE CAN JUDGE
THEM RIGHTLY OR
WRONGLY! THEY DID
WHAT THEY FELT
COMPELLED TO DO!"

THE NEXT SET OF STIMULATED KIDS WAS ON MIRA CETI. THEY DEVOLVED INTO B.R.A.T.S (BRAIN RETROGRESSIVE ANTI SOCIAL TYKES), AND THEY TYRANNICALLY SEIZED CONTROL OF THEIR HOME WORLD!

BRING IN THE NEXT VICTIM, PLEASE!

THIS GUY! HE USED TO BE MY GYM TEACHER!

BET YOU'RE SORRY NOW FOR LEAVING ME BACK IN PHYS-ED TWICE!



YOU CAN CHANGE REALITY WITH YOUR MINDS! JUST THINK OF ALL THE GOOD YOU COULD DO!

SILENCE, TWERP! WHAT CHARGES DO WE HAVE AGAINST THIS MENTAL FLEA!

THE DEFENDANT DID WILLINGLY AND KNOWINGLY ATTEMPT TO IMPOSE HIS RULES AND CULTURAL VALUES UPON US THEREBY DENYING US THE FREEDOM OF UNLIMITED IMAGINATION!

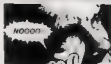
WE, THE JURY FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY AS CHARGED!

TRY NOT TO MOVE FATHER! I SHALL MAKE THIS AS PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE!



YES, GUILTY!

GUILTY!



BANG!

IT WAS ONLY A TOY GUN, BUT IT HAD ENOUGH PSIONIC POWER BEHIND IT TO KILL JON... WHICH IT DID!



UH-OH! SOUNDS
AS IF THEY STARTED
WITHOUT ME.

CLASSES BEGAN
FIVE MINUTES AGO! YOU
WILL HAVE TO LEARN
RESPONSIBILITY AND
DISCIPLINE IN THIS
SCHOOL.

AS DAY-
DREAMING PROFESSOR!
IT WON'T HAPPEN
AGAIN.

BE SEATED, JON. I
TRUST THAT WE CAN
GET UNDERWAY WITHOUT
ANY FURTHER UNDUE
DISTRACTIONS?

I HAVE TO
FORGET ALL ABOUT
THE SPACE KIDS
AND PUT ALL MY
ATTENTION ON
PASSING THIS
EXAM.

THE FIRST ESSAY
QUESTION IS: IF I HAD
UNLIMITED POWER, WHAT
WOULD I DO WITH IT?

THAT TOPIC
IS JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN
DREAMING ABOUT!
UNLIMITED POWER!

IF ONLY I CAN FIT
ALL THE PIECES TOGETHER,
THEN I'LL UNDERSTAND THE
UNIQUE INITIATION!

HE SENSES US.
THIS COULD DISRUPT THE
ENTIRE INITIATION
PROCESS!

THINK IT IS A
POSITIVE SIGN. HE'S
MORE POWERFUL THAN WE
PREVIOUSLY GAUGED!

ALL THE MORE
REASON TO BE READY TO
KEEP OUR MIND-SHIELDS UP!
SOME OF THESE LONERS TEND
TO GO ROGUE!

CAN MENTALLY
HEAR THEM TALKING!
BUT IS THIS A TRICK?
OR... MAYBE A TRAP?

OR, ARE THEY
ALLOWING ME TO
LISTEN FOR A COM-
pletely different
TEST?

MOTHER! HE'S CONTEMPLATING THE QUESTIONS BUT NOT ANSWERING THEM! HE'S LEAVING THE PAPER BLANK!



YOU DIDN'T BOTHER TO TAKE THE EXAM! HAVE YOU LOST INTEREST IN OUR UNIQUE SCHOOL?

NO! I WANT TO KNOW MORE! I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE SOME SORT OF A GIFT A POWER!

AND YOU PEOPLE WANT WHAT I HAVE WHY?



OR YOU CAN ASSIST THE BROOD MOTHER AS WE ROVE THE UNIVERSE SEARCHING FOR AND AWAKENING KIDS EVERYWHERE!

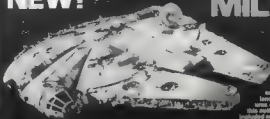


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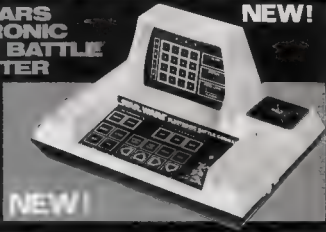
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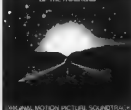
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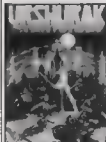
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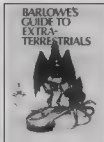
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